

The Island of Regeneration

By
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BRADY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS

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SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage and unable to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideas. She finds a human skeleton, the skeleton of a dog, a Bible and a silver box, which lead her to the conclusion that her companion was cast ashore on the island when a child, and that his name is John Revere, Charcoal of Virginia. Near the skeleton she finds two women's rings, one of which bears an inscription "J. R. C. to M. P. T. Sept. 16, 1889." Katharine Brenton was a highly specialized product of a leading university. Her writings on the sex problem had attracted wide attention. The son of a multi-millionaire becomes infatuated with her, and they decide to put her theories into practice. With no other ceremony than a hand-clasp they go away together. A few days on his yacht shows her that the man only professed lofty ideals to possess her. Katharine discovers that the man is married. While drunk he attempts to kiss her. She knocks him down and leaves him unconscious and escapes in the darkness in a gasoline launch. During a storm she is cast ashore on an island. Three years' teaching gives the man a splendid education. She becomes a Christian.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

And he, too, longed for some hour to come when he might with right and decency and dignity speak the words which some day he must speak or die. He was not versed in the ways of women. He had no store of knowledge, no lesson of experience to fall back upon. He knew but one woman. He could not predicate from any petty maxim, or from any ancient aphorism, or from any worn out philosophy, what she would or would not do under certain conditions. Indeed, he only thought that he loved her and he must tell her or die in the concealment.

And so matters ran on and on. It needed but a spark to ignite the powder, it had been seemed, and yet a vast cataclysm of nature only brought about the explosion. He had never touched her except to take her hand. Her person had been as it violated to him as if he had been a star above his head. And she had been careful under no circumstances to allow more than that. Their hands had clasped often, indeed, with every "Good night" and "Good morning" the circuit of touch was made and broken, but that was all. They usually parted at night on the sands where she had first been thrown ashore. He would stand and watch her as she glided away from him in the darkness toward the cave that was her home. She had impressed upon him how she trusted him, the absolute assurance, the entire confidence that she had that he would respect the agreement between them and he would have died rather than have transgressed the law, stepped over that imaginary barrier, as potent as the circle of Richelieu, which kept them apart.

And yet she would never know what horrible constraint he put upon himself. How he stood with clenched hands and quivering body and stared after her, long after she had gone. She would never know how that intensity of longing grew and grew until sometimes he felt that he could not overmaster it. She would never know how he plunged away staggering through the woods and threw himself down upon the sands on his side of the island, disdaining even the rude shelter of the cave which was his home, and fought it out. Sometimes she saw evidences of internal conflict in his soul the next morning. The calm serenity, the indifference, the animal-like satisfaction with which he had faced life when she first knew him had long since disappeared. There were deepening lines upon his face which told of thought, of struggle, and of character thus developed by these two potent factors in shaping human destiny.

And he could never know what was in her mind, either. He never dreamed that she could love him. She was so far above him, so supreme in his eyes that the possibility never occurred to him. If he had known for a moment how she thought of him, the great passion in both hearts would have overleaped every obstacle and in a moment he would have had her in his arms. Well, indeed, it is that the power to read human hearts is reserved for the Mind which towers above human passions because it is divine.

And so these two while drawing together as inevitably and as irresistibly as the tide comes in were still kept apart. Their feelings were in solution as it were. A precipitant must be thrown into the atmosphere in which they moved and lived and had their being to disclose them to each other.

On one certain balmy night, they parted as usual. Was the hand clasp longer, was the glance with which he peered at her under the moonlight more self revealing than usual? Did something in his own breast call to the surface that which beat around her heart? At any rate, it was with a great effort that she tore herself away at last and for the first time in his life, although she knew it not, he followed after her with a few noiseless steps only to stop, his face white in the moonlight, drops of sweat beading his brow in the violence of his effort. Having transgressed even to that degree the law, he turned instantly, without waiting to watch her disappear around the jutting crag that marked the little amphitheater where she slept, and went to his own side of the island resolutely without a moment's hesitation or delay.

CHAPTER X.

Hearts Awakened.

For the moment she forgot where she was and fancied herself back on the ship or more naturally tossing about in that small boat after that long, eventful voyage. Yet no motion to which she had never been subjected not even the wildest pitch of the storm which had finally cast her away,

produced in her such strange emotions as she experienced then. For the earth itself was trembling, quivering, rocking. The cave wall above her, seen dimly by the filtering light of very early dawn which came through the opening, partook of the mad, fantastic motion. In another second she realized that it was an earthquake. The air seemed filled with a peculiar ringing sound of storm.

Her bed, of course, was the soft sand over which grass had been strewn. She lay, therefore, on the floor and could not be thrown down, but she was rolled from side to side in a way which paralyzed her senses. Never in all her experience had she known such a sick feeling of terror. When the foundations of things are shaken, when not merely the great deep but the solid earth is broken up, humanity stands as if in the presence of the power of God. She lay resistless, staring, praying, wondering whether the shaking rock over her head would fall and crush her.

In a moment the instinct of life quickened her to action. She rose to her knees, staggered to her feet and tried to make her way to the entrance. Walking was terrible. The earth seemed to have shaken for hours, and yet the duration of the shock was really less than a minute. Its violence was terrific. Just before she reached the opening, it stopped with one tremendous shock as suddenly as it had begun. The next second, with a roar that sounded like a thousand pieces of artillery, the gray haze light in front of her was blotted out by a falling mass of rock which just escaped her. The face of the cliff had given away. In deeper, intenser terror than before she threw herself against the barrier. It was as hard and as unyielding as the other walls. No light came to her even. She was imprisoned alive in this rocky sepulcher. She sank down on her knees and buried her face in her hands. She murmured words of prayer.

Her mind flew to the other side of the island, to the man. Was he, too, entombed? Was this the end of her labors? Outside she could hear the wind roar and the waves thundering with awful violence on the shore. Before the earthquake had come the storm. There was still some connection between the cave and the outer air, it seemed, for she was now conscious of lightning flashes. After the storm, came the fire. Her mind went back to what she had read from the Bible a few days before of Elijah's despair. Therefore in like case she listened with all her heart for the still voice of comfort to her awestruck soul. It did not seem to come. She was doomed; she would never see him again, if indeed he were yet alive. She knew her feeling for him now. She slipped forward and fell fainting on the sandy floor of the cave. And still the voice was there. Presently it came to her, as the voice of God usually comes to humanity, through the lips of man.

After a space, how long after she could not tell, she was conscious of a human cry through the wild clamor of the storm. A voice that she knew and loved was calling her by name. Was it some wraithlike fancy of the storm? She rose to her knees, sick and faint, and listened. No, it was a human voice, his voice, her name. The cry was fraught with frantic appeal. It thrilled and vibrated with passion. It told her in that awful moment a story which she had not read. It revealed to her imaginations of which she had not dreamed. She was fascinated with what she heard. She forgot for the moment to answer. All the woman in her, the eternal feminine in her, listened. Her bosom rose and fell, her heart throbbed, her pulses beat. Alone with that wild, passionate, appealing, frantic cry, she forgot the earthquake, she forgot the prison, she forgot the storm, she forgot the world. She only realized that there out in the dawn, a man, the man of all the world, who loved her was calling her name. The old call of manhood to womanhood, of mate to mate.

She rose instantly to her feet. This time it was the beating of her heart that pitched and tossed her body. She leaned against the rock wall and then she called his name.

"Man," she cried, "are you safe?" "Yes," was the answer. "And you?"

"Entirely so, save for this prison." "Thank God!" came faintly to her from beyond the wall. "Thank God, I hear your voice. I shall have you out, never fear."

She pressed her ear close to the heap of huge loose stones which filled the opening. She could hear him working outside.

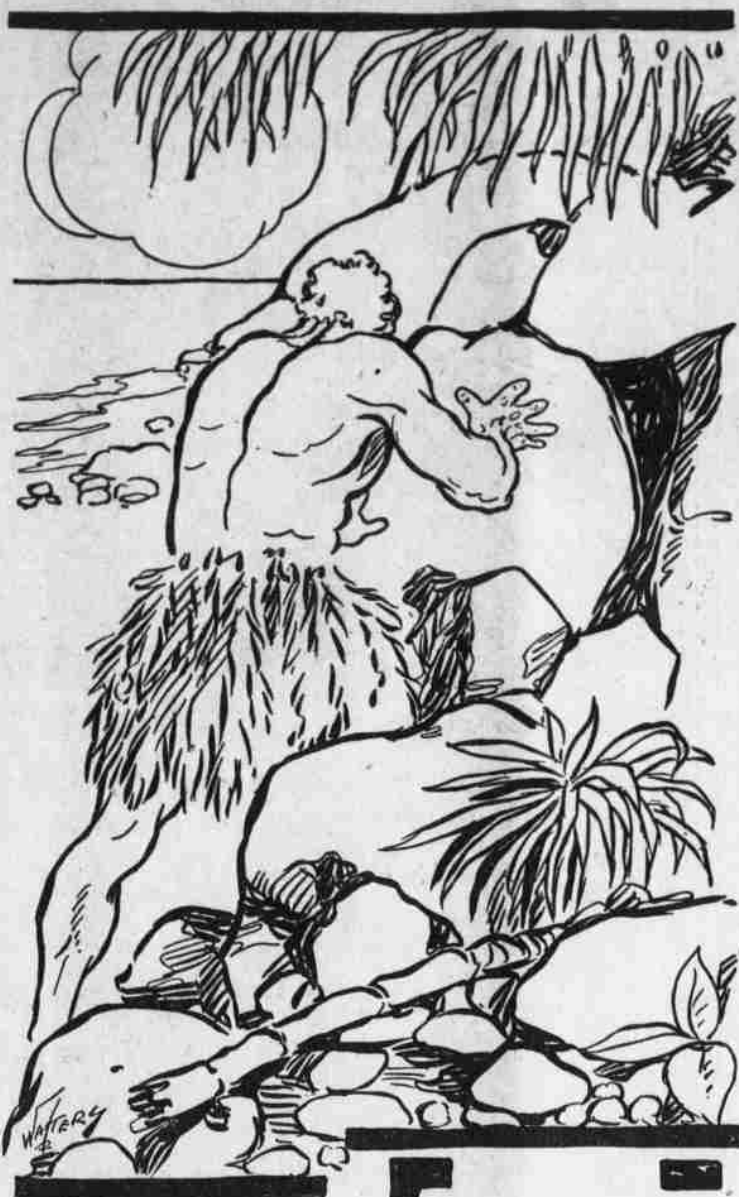
"Don't be afraid," he said at last. "I fear nothing," she answered, "if you are there."

In one instant the situations of life had been reversed. He was the master now and she hung upon his words and actions even as he had done in days gone by.

She had no knowledge of what task was before him, but she could hear the progress that he was making. It was evident that he was working furiously, and yet he stopped once in every little while to reassure himself as to her presence.

"Woman," he cried, "are you still there?"

"Here and waiting," was the answer. He needed that assurance of her safety to enable him to achieve his prodigious task. How terrible were the efforts he put forth, she did not know until afterward, but his was the work of a Titan. He was moving mountains with his bare hands. Inspired by love, mightiest of passions, he was tearing asunder, like the earthquake, the rocky foundations of the world. Well for him that he was so



With a Great Burst of Strength

He Rolled the Great Rock Aside.

of labor could have struggled as did he.

He had been awakened at the self-same instant in his lonely cell upon the other side of the island. With the first shock he remembered that some time in his days of darkness before she came there had been a similar upheaval. He realized instantly what it was. Less timorous than the woman, more agile, he did not lie supine for a single second. His thoughts were instantly for her. He had thrown himself from his cave and had raced across the shaking, quivering island without the hesitation of a moment. Never so long as he might live could he forget the shock that came to him when he saw his way to her barred by that great heap of rock, fallen from the face of the cliff, lay over the entrance to the cave. For one moment he had stood appalled and then he had got to work. How much time had elapsed before he arrived at her door, how much time it took him to clear it away, he had no idea. He had no thought but that he must open a passage and get to her dead or alive.

It was not wise for him to expend breath in cries, but until he had some reply he could not keep silent. After that, when her answer came to him, he worked more quietly save for those periods when he felt that he must hear her voice to enable him to go on. Such was the furious energy of his toil that by and by the great mass of rock was cleared away save one huge boulder which fairly blocked the entrance. It was light outside now. A gray dawn and full of storm. Through the wider interstices she could see him plainly. She knew now that her rescue was only a matter of time. A branch of a tree for a lever and his strength would roll the rock away. She started to tell him but he caught a glimpse of her white face pressed against a crevice and the sight inspired him. With a great burst of strength, the like of which possibly had never been compassed by mortal man since Samson pulled apart the pillars of the temple, he rolled the great rock aside and stood in the entrance, gasping, panting, with outstretched arms.

But a step divided them. That step she took. With a sob of relief she fell upon his breast, naturally, inevitably. His splendid arms swept her close to him. Her own hands met about his neck. With upturned face she looked upon him in all the abandon of perfect passionate surrender.

He bent his head and kissed her, the first time in all his years that his lips had been pressed upon another mouth. He clung to her there in that kiss as if to make up in one moment for all the neglected possibilities of the past, as if never in all the bringings forth of the future should such another opportunity be afforded him. He felt for the first time in his life the beat of another human heart against his own, the rise and fall of another human breast, the throbbing of another human soul. Tighter and tighter his arms strained her to him. She gave herself up in that mad, delirious, awful moment to the full flow of long cherished passion, and kiss for kiss, in pressure for pressure, and heart beat for heart beat, she made response.

It was too much. It was the man who broke away. There was nothing, no experience, no remembrance to teach him. It was all surprise. He thrust her from him slowly. Her hands lingered about his neck, but his backward pressure would not be denied. He held her at arms' length, her hands outstretched to him, her bosom panting, her eyes shining, her cheeks aflame in the gray dawn. Yielding, giving up to him absolutely, yet something, the magnificent metal of the man, the restraints through which he had gone, the long battles with his own passion, rose to his soul and gave him mastery once more.

"Woman!" he whispered—no mere local name would represent her now. She was humanity to him—"Woman," he whispered, "my God! He turned away, sank down on one of the great boulders that he had thrown aside and buried his face in his hands, his body shaking with emotions he could scarce define but well understood. The woman threw herself down on her knees before him and took him once more in her arms.

"Man," she said, "I love you!" She drew his hands away from his face; she laid her own face in his bleeding palm and kissed it.

"Man," she said, her lips wet with his own blood in a sort of wild, barbaric sacrament, "man, I love you!" He stared at her as one distraught. He had dreamed of this, he had imagined it, he had prayed for it, he had hoped for it, but no revelation that had come to him in the years of their association equaled in its blinding brilliancy, in its intense illumination, the revelation in that woman's voice, in that woman's eyes, in that woman's touch.

"Man," she said again, "I love you. Do you understand? Do you know what it means?" Then he found his voice. He took her hand and pressed it against his heart.

"I know," he whispered. "I understand here." He rose to his feet, stooped, caught her by the shoulders and lifted her to his level. A piece of rock lay balanced on the edge of the cliff fell crashing. The place was dangerous. Without a word he slipped his arm beneath her, lifted her up as he might have done a child and carried her out upon the sand away from the beetling crags of the rocky wall. She nestled in his arms with a sense of joy and satisfaction and helplessness cared for so exquisite that it was almost pain.

He sat down presently on the sand and knelt before her. The sunlight sprang through the gray haze on the horizon's edge and lighted her face as he peered into it. Suddenly he threw himself prostrate before her and his lips upon her feet.

"Not there," she whispered, laying her hand upon his bent head, "but here, here in my arms, upon my heart, for Man, Man, I love you!" Then kneeling by her side he took her once more within his arms.

"But you have not said!" she began at last, "that you loved me."

"There is no word," he said, softly, "in that speech that you have taught me which is equal to what I feel. You don't know how I have looked upon you and longed for you ever since you made me know and feel that I was a man with a man's soul. Night after night I have watched you as you went to your nook in the rocks. But that you have taught me honor and consideration, what it is to be a gentleman. I had followed you and caught you in the dark within my arms."

She laid her hand upon his breast and looked at him feelingly, entreatingly, with touching consciousness of his strength and her weakness.

"What I have taught you," she asked, "you will not forget?" "Never! Never!"

He released her waist and took her hand and kissed it. There was as much passion in the pressure of his lips upon her hand as there was in the beat of his heart against her own, she felt.

"You," he continued, "will say what is to be done."

"Not I," she answered, piteously, "but you. I have no strength when you are by. Since that moment when you kissed me, you are the master and the man, but you will respect me in my helplessness."

your hand. Indeed, indeed, I cannot do these things. And yet I will love you in ways of which you cannot dream so long as I can draw the breath of life."

He rose to his feet as he spoke and turned away from her and stood with clasped hands and bowed shoulders. In one moment the whole course of their lives had changed. It had taken an earthquake shock to do it, but so terrific had been the submerged fires of mutual passions that a whisper opportunely uttered would have effected the same revolution. She sat and watched him wondering what would be the end of it. She knew at last what love was, not the pale philosophical emotion she had experienced in the cabin of that yacht. God, how she hated that recollection. How she wished that it had never been. If untouched by man she could have been cast upon that island to be given to this man who looked upon her as a goddess. She had told him some of her history, but not the part which was vital. It had been easy not to enlighten him wholly as to that. He knew nothing about conditions. He had never seen a ship or a boat within his recollection, and the story she had settled upon and told him was one that received instant acceptance from him. Indeed there was nothing that she had told him, or could have told him, that he would not implicitly have accepted and believed. The king could do no wrong. She was incarnate truth. And she would have to tell him all now. She would have to put into that pure soul, alive with passionate devotion, admiration, respect, every feeling that can make up the sum of mighty love, this story of evil and shame. There was no help for it. She would have to tell him.

But she could not tell him now, not on this day. She would have a few perfect hours. She would stand for a little while within the vale of Eden. She would look for a little time through the gates of heaven. Tomorrow! To-day she would have and she would enjoy to the full. She rose softly to her feet as well and stepped closer to him. She laid her hand upon his shoulder. She could see the muscles in his arm tighten as he clenched his hands the harder. She turned him gently about and lifted her perfect lips to his. She kissed him again. Her hand sought him; her fingers parted his iron grasp. She drew his arm about her and nestled against him.

"I trust you," she said, "as I love you. I shall be safe with you. You shall not draw away from me in such isolation. You have waited long for kisses like this."

And then the man spoke, the man in him.

"Woman," he said, "yours are the only lips that have been pressed upon mine, save perhaps my mother's as a child. Have any other man ever kissed you?"

She could not lie to him.

"Don't ask me," she said, the futile request.

The man had turned away with a groan. No happiness is unalloyed; no joy comes into our lives that some pain does not dog its footsteps. With love came jealousy before the flood.

"At least," she said pressing closer to him and he did not repulse her, "I have loved no man but you."

"Oh!" he said, taking her once more within his arms, "that I might know for one moment what is out there, how you lived, how you saw you, how you loved you, who loved you?"

"I shall tell you," said the woman. "But you have told me."

"Not all."

"When the rest then?"

"Tomorrow. Meanwhile let us enjoy the day"—the old, old human prayer, let us enjoy the day despite the morrow—"let it suffice that I love you; that I never loved anyone else; that no kisses like to yours have ever been pressed upon my lips, nor I believe not upon the lips of mortal woman. Let us pass the day in happiness together. Come, we must breakfast. We must see what the earthquake has done to our island. We have things to think about, things to do."

"I have nothing to think about but you; nothing to do but to love you."

Hand in hand, they stepped across the sand to the shade of the trees, a



CHAPTER XI.

The Conscience Quickened.

They had spent the morning together, but not as usual. Things were different, conditions had changed. For the first time in years the daily lesson which she had given him was interrupted. To-day they were both at school with Love for preceptor and such willingness in their hearts as made them ideal pupils. The storm had died away as suddenly as it had arisen. No visible evidence of it was left save the tremendous thunder of the long undulating seas upon the outward barrier. The earthquake had not greatly damaged the island, the fallen cliff, a few prostrate palms here and there, that was all. But there was visible evidence in them of the storm through which they had passed and which still held them in its throes, in the tumult of their souls.

To the man the experience of the morning was absolutely new and to the woman it was so different from what had hitherto transpired that it was practically so. They luxuriated in their emotions. They sat side by side, hand in hand; they walked together, hand in hand. Yet it was the woman who made the advances. The man was not passive. Kiss for kiss, look for look, word for word, touch for touch, he gave, but the initiative was hers not his. He was putting a constraint of steel upon himself. She saw that and was glad. It made her bold. Womanlike she tried and tested the blade that she had forged again and again, growing daring in her immunity, braver in her trust.

They stood in one part of their wanderings before the door of what had been her cave. Hand in hand they looked down upon the heap of rocks that he had torn away. It was nothing to him; to her it was incredible. She could better estimate what human strength was capable of than he. She had standards of comparison which he lacked.

"It cannot be possible that you lifted that boulder and that one, alone?" she said, gazing at him wonderingly.

"At that moment, to release you, I could have torn the rock asunder," he cried, throwing out his arms in a magnificent gesture of strength and force.

She caught his hand with her own and once more pressed her lips within his palm.

"I don't know how to say how much I love you," she cried.

"Say that you will try to care as much for me as I for you and I will be content," he answered.

And so there was a pretty rivalry between them as to which loved the more. In the midst of the strife of tongues the woman spoke. She could not keep away from the subject.

"You love me," she said at last, "because you think me more than I am, because," she ran on in spite of his protesting gesture, checking his denying word, "because you have seen no other woman, because—"

"I will not hear another word," he cried, finding voice at last and stopping her. "I know not woman or man save as I know you and myself, save as you have taught me by the women of whom you have read me in that single book we have, the women of whom you have told me who have played their parts in the world. All of them together are not like you."

"That is because I am alive and here and they are dead and away."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Lesson From the Jap Bear

Many Others Might Take to Heart What One Man Declares He Has Learned.

"I never go to the Zoological park," said a frequenter of that resort, "that I do not get some valuable lesson from the animals. Last week I became fascinated with the little black Japanese bear. He is truly Japanese in size, reminding one of the dwarfed trees of that people, and the day I saw him he was doing a whirling dervish act around his cage—chasing himself in a continuous performance that made me dizzy, and disdaining all attempts of visitors to entice him from it. I noticed above his cage a placard stating his genus, species, etc. It also bore the information that in disposition this species was exceedingly irritable and unfriendly, that no specimen had been known to make friends with even a keeper, and that cowardice was a leading characteristic."

"How strange," I said to my companion. "I should think that if these bears are cowardly they would try to make friends in order to be safe from harm."

"Perhaps," said my companion, who is a shrewd observer, "but I have noticed that people who have ugly tempers are nearly always cowardly."

"That gave me a bunch. Whenever,

since then, I have been on the point of losing my temper the word 'coward' has come up before me in large black letters and it is not a nice word. We are not always so much ashamed as we should be of having hasty tempers and we often indulge them with very little compunction; but no man will calmly brand himself a coward; so the little Jap bear has been useful to me.—New York Press.

Frightfully Close to Death.

A thrilling incident in connection with a recent ascent of the Parseval airship in Berlin is reported in the German press. A boy who had come too near the ropes, got his right leg entangled, and when the balloon rose he was lifted up in the air, head downwards. While hanging in that position he succeeded, as a good gymnast, in catching the rope with his hands, thus getting in a safer and more comfortable position. The crowd below watched with bated breath the movements of the boy, hanging between heaven and earth at a height of 800 feet. It was then that the people in the balloon noticed the signals from below, and brought down the airship, whereupon the boy was rescued half dead from his perilous position.

AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

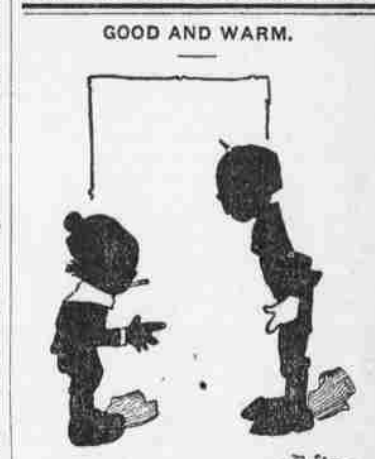
Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis. — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help others by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me." — Mrs. Emma Lamer, 833 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN.
A Certain Relief for Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Diarrhea, and Stomach Disorders. In 24 Hours. All Druggists, etc. Trade Mark. Don't accept imitations. A. S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.



GOOD AND WARM.
First Office Boy—I hear your boss made it hot for you yesterday.
Second Office Boy—Yes; he fired me.

An Unusual Attribute.
Little Johnnie, who cannot pronounce S, has been frightened into keeping out of the attic by tales told by his nurse of a dreadful ghost that lives in the dim recesses under the eaves. The other day he was overheard to say confidentially to a small friend:

"We've got an old ghōt up in our attic!"

To which his friend, much interested, responded: "Do he butt?"

Understood the Sex.
His Daughter—Daddy, you were twenty-five when this was taken, weren't you? Why, you might have sat for it yesterday.

Her Father—My yes; your mother's own daughter. Well, well, you'll find it on the table, I think.

His Daughter—Find what, daddy, darling?

Her Father—The checkbook, my own lamb.

His Reason.
"How did you come to leave your wife in Paris?"

"She cost me too much to decide whether she wanted three yards and a half or four yards, and I got tired of waiting."

Quite a Job on Hand.
"What's his business?"
"Well, as near as I can make out he is matrimonial agent for his two daughters."—Stray Stories.

A man really can make more fuss over the way a barber trims his mustache than a woman over the way a tailor cuts her gown.

HARD ON CHILDREN.
When Teacher Has Coffee Habit.

"Best is best, and best will ever live." When a person feels this way about Postum they are glad to give testimony for the benefit of others.

A school teacher down in Miss. says: "I had been a coffee drinker since my childhood, and the last few years it had injured me seriously."

"One cup of coffee taken at breakfast would cause me to become so nervous that I could scarcely go through with the day's duties, and this nervousness was often accompanied by deep depression of spirits and heart palpitation."

"I am a teacher by profession, and when under the influence of coffee had to struggle against crossness when in the school room."

"When talking this over with my physician, he suggested that I try Postum, so I purchased a package and made it carefully according to directions; found it excellent of flavor, and nourishing."

"In a short time I noticed very gratifying effects. My nervousness disappeared. I was not irritated by my pupils, life seemed full of sunshine, and my heart troubled me no longer."

"I attribute my change in health and spirits to Postum alone."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.